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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING
ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING JOURNAL
IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Publisher,

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1902.

VOLUME LXXXI.—No. 1299.
Price, 10 Cents.



Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

DOLLY JULIAN.

SHE IS A DAINITY BAREBACK RIDER WITH THE FOREPAUGH AND SELLS CIRCUS.



RICHARD K. FOX.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, July 12, 1902.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, N. Y.,
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THE POLICE GAZETTE
For 13 Weeks

VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP.

The De Arville Sisters have signed with the
Reilly & Wood Show for next season.

M. J. Needham and Vivian Wood report big
success with their act, "McCart's Reception."

Willie and George Bauder, of Buffalo, N. Y.,
are a very clever team of miniature performers.

Gus W. Hogan has charge of the entertainment
at the Iron Pier, Cape May, N. J., this summer.

Charles Willard is in his sixth month at Palm
Garden, Toledo, where he is still one of the favorites.

Billy McQuinn has dissolved partnership with
Charles E. Newell and joined hands with Will Dundas.

Christopher, the necromantic entertainer,
has closed with the Wright Carnival Company and will
play parks this summer.

The "Three Original Madcaps," who recently
closed with the Chestnut Beauties Company, are play-
ing at Atlantic City, N. J.

The Gilliams--Harry and Laura--after forty-two
weeks with the "Queen of Hayti" Company, are rest-
ing on their farm at Wells, Minn.

Bingham, the ventriloquist, and Kitty Bing-
ham have signed with Edward Shayne for twelve
weeks, over the Western Park circuit.

George M. De Vere, manager and comedian,
has entered upon his fifth season as manager of Delm-
ing's Music Hall, Rockaway Beach, L. I.

Wayne and Lamar, who are on the Western
parks, will play a return date at Pastor's Aug. 4, with
Lancaster, Pa., and Atlantic City to follow.

The Ramsey Sisters, who have just closed en-
gagements at Grand Rapids, Mich., and Mishawaka,
Ind., are now playing Shayne's circuit of parks.

Frank King, mimic and comedian, will tour the
mountain country, introducing imitations of the popu-
lar actors and rendering his latest comic con hits.

Artie Hall, "the Georgia Girl," is meeting
with success through the West, doing her act in white
face. She will open on the Orpheum circuit in Sep-
tember.

Prof. Lawrence Condon, has organized a band
and orchestra, and has booked many good engage-
ments for July and August around the parks in New
York city.

Kitty Mills has opened on the Burt circuit of
parks for the summer. She has signed for next season
with a dramatic company, for leading juvenile parts
and specialty in illustrated songs.

Jim Dalton and Lottie Cunningham have joined
hands, and will hereafter be known as Dalton and
Cunningham. They will present a new and original
sketch called "Down in Arkansas."

Burt Barnes, trap drummer, is for the fourth
season at Silver Lake Park, Akron, O. The orchestra
includes: G. Gus Smith, Frank Mottinger, Charles
Pike, Herman Loose, Charles A. Foster, Harry C.
Harris, W. F. Stickle, Frank Farst.

Belle Gordon, "Police Gazette," champion fe-
male bag puncher, is almost booked solid for the sum-
mer months, and contemplates filling prolonged con-
tracts in Europe, which she was compelled to hold
over on account of having signed with a road attrac-
tion last season.

SOUBRETTE HAD A DREAM

—ONE OF THE PIPE KIND—

THOUGHT SHE OWNED MONEY

She Lived the Luxurious Life of a Millionaire for a Few
Brief Hours and Then Woke Up.

AWFUL TALE OF THE LADY AND THE BRONCO.

A Little Job Was Put Up on "Mamma's Boy," But it Worked Out to a
Disastrous Finish--An Indignant Beauty.

"The lady with a million," they call her now, and,
although she doesn't seem to mind it very much, yet it
touches a very sore and tender spot.

She is a soubrette and she likes to have it known that
she's dainty, although for the life of her she doesn't
really know what the word dainty really means, but it
sounds nice.

Now here is the story:

There died in Florida the other day a wealthy old
woman whose last name happened to be the same as
the soubrette's, and the press agent of the show she
was with, seeing a chance to get a little free advertising
in the newspapers, sat down at his mahogany desk,
and putting his feet upon a mother of pearl tambour,
wrote a beautiful little story in which he said that the
dainty soubrette was heir to the vast wealth left by an
eccentric relation who had just died in Florida.

So far, so good.

The next day, when the paper containing the story
was issued, a cluster of choice peroxide blondes, after
reading the great news, formed themselves into a fly-
ing wedge and made a rush for the soubrette's flat.

They broke in like a bunch of burglars hitting the
Gallion, O., post office when the main guy was laid up
with the rheumatism, and gathering about her canopied
slumber roost, showed her the story of good luck, con-
gratulated her and then sent the "ace of spades" out
for a can of beer.

From 9 A. M. until time for the matinee there was a
damp time for the girls, and by the time the clock on
the dining-room mantel--the one with a cast iron
Julius Cæsar--holding a spear--struck one, Pansy--
the soubrette--was ordering the rest of the girls
around and throwing out hints about yachts, diamond
a-la-ras and automobiles. She was feeling bigger
every minute and she never could see how she had
managed to live so long in such a cheap flat.

"I don't think I'll give up the business, Maud," she
remarked to the 210-pounder who always led the march
and who was known at the Metropole as "Sullivan,"
"but I'll quit this bum bunch and take a show of my
own out. I'll carry about seventy-five people and take
a private car for myself, and you can bet I'll do busi-

a Sweet Caporal and wondering if her theatre trunk
would hold all her money, when she got it.

For just three-quarters of an hour she sat there with
one of the greatest pipe dreams that ever hit Thirty-
seventh street, West, and then there came a ring of
the bell.

"Go see who it is, Cecelia," she said to the coon, and
Cecelia promptly obeyed. She came back in a moment
with a grimy piece of paper that smelled of grease
paint.

"It's a boy wif a note, Miss Pansy," and she handed
it over.

Here is what it was:

DEAR PANSY--For Heaven's sake, wake up. That
story about the coin was a fake, worked up by that
great press agent. Put your pipe out and hustle over
here or you'll lose your job. Hustle. "SULLIVAN."

And Pansy, the dainty soubrette, put on a raglan
and hustled.

A woman's love is a pretty cheap commodity when
she lavishes it on a Skye or a pug. Yet, goodness
knows, she might do worse.

And so Maude Caswell, the most charming young
woman who has been lionized on two continents, is
going to work alone in the future. This she says in a
letter sent from Buenos Ayres. Mr. Arnold will work
with her until the close of their South American en-
gagement, and then they separate. She is booked in
Europe for many months to come.

The actorine who is popular enough to have her pic-
ture on cigarette boxes was in a box at the Buffalo Bill
Show when it was up in Harlem, and when the
broncos were led out, she remarked to the "real thing"
alongside of her, who was spending on her the money
his mother had given him for clothes:

"I could ride one of those things."

He grinned cheerfully, and remarked:

"They're hot stuff, they are."

"I'll bet anything against a diamond ring that I could
ride one," she said again.

He looked up and down the arena, grinned again,
and after his mouth had resumed its normal shape,
spoke:

"If you do I'll give you a diamond ring."

"All right. You go and see Major Burke right away,
and tell him I want to ride a bronco after the show."

So mamma's boy toddled forth and hunted up the
Major, and when he found him he poured his beautiful
little story into the Major's ear, whereat the Major
slapped him on the back so hard that his tender little
wishbone snapped like a bullwhip.

"Where is the lady?" asked Burke.

"Over there in the box."

So the Major walked over and bowing in the courtly
manner for which he is famous, began:

"So you want to ride a bucking horse, do you?"

"Yes. You see, this gentleman has bet me a dia-
mond ring that I can't," she said, and she winked art-
fully at the old scout.

"What kind of a diamond?" he asked. "You know
there are all kinds."

"Oh, a big one, of course," and she held her hands
about far enough apart to indicate a gem that wouldn't
fit anything less than a two-quart growler, and she
winked wickedly again.

"Well, I guess we can fix it," said the Major, and
then he winked.

The story went on its rounds, as such stories will,
and before the show was over nearly everybody pres-
ent knew there was going to be something doing in the
bucking bronco line.

"Of course, you know the kid is up against a brace
game, don't you, Major?" remarked a man who is
pretty well known on Broadway, as they were talking
it over. "She's pretty nearly landed him now, and I
expect if he keeps on the pace he's going now, he'll
break his mother's heart, and she is one of the dearest
and best women in the world. That chorus proposi-
tion he is with is as hard as nails, and this is her
specialty. If she could act as well as she can play Herr-

mann with a kid's bank roll, Sarah Bernhard, Maud
Adams and all the rest of the headliners would have to
head for the timber."

Then for the third time that day the Major winked
again.

The show was over; the audience was gone; the boy
and the bounding beauty were on the tan bark with a
dozen cowboys and the Major.

"Bring in Hard Luck," said the Major.

"I don't like the name," gurgled the lady.

"Names don't count here; if they did I'd be organiz-

ing an army to free Ireland," answered Burke.

"Is he a good horse, Major?"

"As mild as a Tom Sharkey punch."

The horse came on the tan bark, and it seemed as if
he was winking, too. A side-saddle had been cinched
on him and he was roped with a pair of lariats.

"All ready," said one of the cow-punchers who held
him, as he tied a red bandanna over Hard Luck's eyes.

They helped the Belle of the Line to mount the quiv-
ering beast.

"Stand by to catch her, you fellows," whispered the
Major to the men.

"Ready, let 'er go!"

One man pulled the bandanna away, another kicked
Hard Luck in the belly, and eight men--four on each
side--held their arms out to catch the rider. She came



Photo by Elmer Chickering Boston.

MARQUERITE CLARK.

Dainty Soubrette who is Very Popular.

off on the port side in the shape of the letter S, and
when they stood her on her feet she was game enough
to say:

"Major, you're a peach." Then to the kid: "I lose;
get me a cab; I'm going home. Yes, alone."

Things go woefully mixed sometimes. A woman
calls her dog a darling, and her husband a brute. Queer,
isn't it? But she ought to know.

WHEREVER YOU GO.

The "Police Gazette" will follow you like a
faithful friend, if you are a subscriber. That's
the way to be sure of it, every week. 13
weeks for \$1.00 and a premium. Send for
the list.

One of the most beautiful of the many beautiful
women of the stage has started a suit against a firm of
tobacco manufacturers who have been using her pho-
tographs, without her consent, to advertise their
wares, and she thinks she will make enough out of it
to buy an automobile and rent a house at the seashore.

Some time ago she entered into an agreement with
a tobacco company, by which they should have the ex-
clusive use of her pictures for advertising cigarettes.
She was photographed in Oriental costume, reclining
in a graceful attitude on a divan, and holding a cigar-
ette in her dainty fingers. These photographs were re-
produced, and are now to be seen about the country
announcing to the citizens at large the merits of a par-
ticular brand of Egyptian cigarettes.

She was well pleased with herself after the consum-
mation of this deal, not only because of the remunera-
tion but also because of the fact that her face was
rapidly becoming as well known as that of the man
who makes three dollar shoes or the woman whose
pink pills are said to be good for pale people.

Suddenly her joy was turned to woe by seeing a pic-
ture of herself advertising a cigarette which she did not
know anything about, and from which she was certain
she was deriving no income.

A hasty consultation with her lawyer decided her,
and she at once instructed him to bring suit against the
offenders. She also instructed him to bring injunction
proceedings to prevent this firm using her pictures in
the future.

The little lady thinks about \$20,000 would repay her
for the shock her feelings underwent when she discov-
ered the unauthorized pictures.

If she gets the \$20,000 she will continue to act, but she
will feel better.

An American soubrette, who had saved enough
money to go to Paris, made a bet in that city recently
that she could drink a pint of absinthe without becom-
ing intoxicated. She did it. It killed her in ten min-
utes, but her widowed mother gets the winnings. You
can't bluff an American soubrette.

ARE YOU MUSCULAR?

If you are, there is a great chance for you to win
the "Police Gazette" diamond medal. For particulars,
see page 7. Second, third and fourth prizes.



MARIE FINNEY.

She is Champion Lady Swimmer of the World.

ness with Klaw & Erlanger, for I'll deposit \$50,000 with
them as a guarantee that I'll make good, and--

"Cut it out, Pansy, if you're going to show up this
afternoon," remarked Sullivan.

"Go? The only place I'll go is Florida, and I can't
get there quick enough. You tell that gay old boy with
the bald head, that's been giving me \$18 per, that
there's nothing doing in the future, but if he's good, I
may put him ahead of me when I go out."

So they all slobbered over Pansy once more, and out
they fled, while she sat in a plush arm chair, smoking

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DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT--THE GREATEST EXPONENT OF PHYSICAL CULTURE



# FAIR WOMEN GAMBLERS

WHO WOO FORTUNE BY

## BETTING ON THE PONIES

The Different Ways in Which the Gentler Sex Chase the Elusive Dollar at the Race Track.

### THEY CHEW GUM AND SOLICIT TIPS FROM TOUTS

Some of Them Play on "Dope" Just Like the Men, While Others Play on Sentiment or Trust to Blind Luck.

The woman who plays the races is a study, and although it is not generally known yet there are many of the gentler sex who make quite a good thing out of the ponies. Some know the game and play on "dope"; others trust to luck; a few play favorite jockeys, and a few play on tips.

Whether she be the typical habitue in her natty shirtwaist, her mannish hat with the bright green veil undulating about it, and the field glasses slung across her shoulders, or the mere amateur, the girl who is going to bet fifty cents for the first time in her life, with nothing of the race track atmosphere about her, she is a pulsating, vibrating bit of femininity, full of the madness and gladness of life, a picturesque figure in the midst of a picturesque scene.

On the hot train as it steams out of the hot city she occupies all the desirable seats. In the mad rush heavy feet have trampled upon her sliver train or torn the veil from her hat, but with a spiteful retaliating dig of the elbow into masculine ribs she has made her way to the fore, and as the car moves off with its load of interesting humanity, its load of hopes and fears, of beggars and fortune hunters, she settles back into her seat with a sigh of contentment and a thrill of joyous anticipation.

The woman who has followed the track time out of mind is there, studying the paper which she terms her "dope-sheet," and which contains the record of the horses, her lips set in a hard, straight line, her keen eyes looking up and down the lists of the horses which will race for the day, with the comprehension of a connoisseur.

Now and then she dampens her pencil and marks a horse. Her eyes glitter and there is just the faintest smile at the corner of her lips, for is she not proverbially lucky? The smoke from several cigars is blowing in her face and the criers of the "dope-sheets" are yelling in her ears; but she is oblivious to all the world. She is picking out her favorites.

Across the aisle from her is a party made up of the wives of the horsemen and jockeys, a gay, good-natured, well-fed crowd, in bright, big hats, cotton shirt-waists and gorgeous diamonds, all chewing gum and talking horse in terms that make the head of the uninitiated woman swim. A bit further down the car is the green girl going to the races for the first time. One can always single her out from among the old timers. Her eyes are dancing with the excitement and the



"TUG."

A 30-pound Fighting Dog of Pittsburg, Pa.

novelty as she clings to a strap or to the handsome young fellow with the field glasses across his shoulders. As the train speeds her toward the place where all is so wicked and worldly and fascinating her eyes open wider and wider and her blood pulses faster and faster. She feels that she is going straight to the devil—with things intensely interesting all along the way.

At the track the women are the first to surge out of the car. What are trampled toes and a crushed hat

when one wants a front seat on the grand stand and a chance to bet on the first race? Old and young, dainty and brawny, they push their way past fakirs and tipsters, crooks and policemen, stopping only to buy the proverbial package of chewing gum with which every racing woman must be provided.

If the women on the grandstand were not already at the highest state of nervous tension, the way in which one and all chew gum and keep time to the music of the band would place them there in half an hour.

Who ever said that women were not true sports? Who ever said that they were not born daughters of the turf? Not the bookies with whom they place their bets and who lose on them three times out of four. Not any one who has watched a woman lay a bet and rake in her winnings or take her losses with the quiet stoicism of a hero.

The women who play the races at Gravesend make no secret of their betting. There is no slipping a five dollar bill into the hands of an escort while one looks innocently far out over the field; there is no sneaking out of one's seat, quickly placing one's bet and then coming back as though one had merely been to the dressing room to put one's hat straight or powder one's nose.

It is out and out betting, bold betting done defiantly in the face of the world, that is carried on here, no matter whether it is by a plunger or a "piker," as the little bettor is called. The old follower of the tracks is no bolder, no more open in her methods, than the girl who lays her first bet. Girls of twenty and grandmothers, toothless and wrinkled, shake their programmes at the bookies.

"Come here!" cries one old lady whom one might picture in a garden of rosemary or in a high-backed chair by an old-fashioned fireplace. "Come here! What can you give me on Romolo? Eight to five? All right, I'll take it! Don't you keep my good money this time!" and she winks roguishly through a wisp of gray hair at the bookie who takes her programme and records the bet.

Down in front a crowd of young women with hard faces and well-clad figures sit "bunching their bets." That is, each one puts in so much and the whole is placed on one horse. "Romolo, this time!" suggests a girl with a hat covered with red poppies.

"Romolo and come out a pauper!" sneers a woman with a beak-like profile. "I've got a dead sure tip on —"

"Who gave it to you?"

"I'm not telling all I know. But don't you bet on Romolo."

"Well, we just will. Here, how much is it all together? Sixteen? Here, Johnnie, put sixteen for us on Romolo. Cross your fingers when I hand it to you."

A girl in a pink chiffon hat and a brown tailor suit, with a fresh, innocent face, sits far back on the stand talking breathlessly to a young man in gray tweed.

"Oh, I'd just like to—to—plunge. Just once. Can I put up a dollar?"

"Of course you can; but I don't want you to be so silly as to throw your money away."

"Throw it away! Oh, but it wouldn't be throwing it away. I just want to have the sensation of seeing a horse go round with some of my money on him. Do you think mamma would really mind?"

"Perhaps not. What horse do you want to bet on?"

"I don't know. Let me see. There's Julia Arthur; she's my favorite actress. And there's Lady Charlotte; my mother's name is Charlotte. And there's Cincinnati; and I'm from Ohio. Oh, I just can't choose. Wait a minute. I'll just shut my eyes and twirl my finger around three times and then put it down on the programme. That's as good a way as any."

And so the girl in the pink chiffon hat shuts her eyes and twirls her finger round three times and puts it down on Romolo. And the bet is laid accordingly.

Just across the aisle from this pair of care-free lovers sits a couple of quite a different order. The man is

#### A LITTLE JEWEL

In the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1902, covering every branch of sport. The handsomest and most complete reference book ever issued. Everybody interested in sports should have a copy. Price 10 cents.



PHIL O'HANLON.

A Well-known Sporting Man of New York.

pale, with hard lips and glittering eyes; the woman is thin and pale, with a pathetic mouth and pleading eyes.

"Don't bet this time, John," she says in a tense voice. "Don't! This isn't your lucky day, John. For God's sake, don't bet again." The man hesitates a moment, looks at her, then brushes her aside and makes for the betting ring. The woman closes her eyes and grasps the chair in front of her.

On the promenade back of the grand stand an elegantly gowned woman with a refined face and anxious eyes walks up and down. She is waiting for her tipster. At length an awful looking individual with a rubicund nose, a dirty shirt, no collar and bleary eyes approaches her. She gives a quick glance round, then goes up to him.

"What have you got this time?" she says, clutching his sleeve.

The bleary-eyed individual grins at her familiarly. "Romolo, sure thing!" he says, nodding. "Red-hot tip."

"All right, I'll play her; but you'll be sorry if you make me lose this time. I was going to play Minotaur." And she takes the word of the bleary-eyed individual in as good faith as though ragged coats and dirty shirts were indicative of a man who could always pick the winner.

One sees things at the races which might shock one on Broadway. But what is permissible at Gravesend may not be permissible on Broadway. For instance, at Gravesend, one's bank is one's stocking, and one may rush up the grand stand in a wild hurry, lift one's skirts and dive down for one's winnings in a moment of madness after one has had a good tip, and the crowd will think no more of it than the crowd thinks of the girl who wears an abbreviated lathing suit at Narragansett Pier, or a very low cut gown at a dinner party.

Suddenly some woman leaves the seedy looking man who has been hanging over the railing of the stand talking to her in earnest, convincing tones. She flies up between the rows of seats to the rear of the stand. There is a flash of lace petticoat and a glitter of red stockings. Then madam draws forth a roll of greenbacks, extracts the desired amount, another flash of white and red and the remainder is safely stowed away once more.

Then there is the sound of a bugle and a thousand feminine tongues commence clamoring and chattering as the horses parade past the stand. In a few moments the horses are lined up at the barrier. Another moment and the flag is dropped and the grand stand shouts in one voice, "They're off!"

Then doth the eternal feminine break forth. Women drag at the coat sleeves of their escorts, climb upon chairs, fight for a good position, quarrel over their favorite jockeys and push their way to the front of the crowd as though there were only one horse in the race and a fifty-cent bet were a matter of life and death.

"My God, Minotaur's ahead!" cries the woman with the beak-like profile.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" wails the girl in the pink chiffon hat, clutching at her escort's arm. "Romolo isn't going to win; oh, she isn't going to, she isn't going to—how could you make me bet on her?"

The thin, pale woman across the aisle shudders as she watches her husband's face. Did he put his money on Romolo? Suddenly a little dark horse bursts through an opening in the bunch.

"Romolo!" yells some one on the stand. Then handkerchiefs and umbrellas are cast into the air. The toothless old woman grabs off her hat and with it her wig, and waves it wildly over a bald head. The woman in the poppy hat leans forward, beating her thigh and fairly pushing her horse in. "Come on, Romolo," she cries. "Come on, Romolo!"

molo! Now Romolo! Ah, thank God!" There is a cloud of dust down the stretch, a rush past the grand stand, and Romolo flashes in, a winner by a length!

The three women who bunched their bets dance up and down and grasp each other around the neck. The pale, thin woman across the aisle sinks down beside her husband in a dead faint, the little girl in the chiffon hat screams with all her might and main; then a thousand feminine figures sink down into their chairs, and, like a clock that has suddenly stopped, the grand stand becomes quiet.

#### GET A GOOD THING.

By that, meaning the "Police Gazette." It will be sent to you for 13 weeks on receipt of \$1.00. Send for list of premiums, anyhow, and see what we give away.

#### M'GOVERN BADLY HURT.

Terry McGovern had a bit of hard luck the other day that will lay him up for awhile. In a recent outing at College Point he played first base for the team of the J. P. Halpen Association. A man named Butler went to the bat, and making a hit, ran for first. The runner attempted to slide to the base. At the same time McGovern made an effort to rush forward to catch the sphere and the men collided with great force.

Butler was declared out and quickly jumped to his feet, but the champion lay helpless on the turf. He was quickly carried to a pavilion and Dr. J. J. Bowen was summoned to attend him.

A hasty examination satisfied the doctor that McGovern had his collar bone broken and he expressed the opinion that it would be more than a month before the little fighter could resume training.

McGovern was removed to his home, suffering great pain, in a carriage.

The mishap to the popular fighter brought the baseball game to an end and cast a gloom over the players. Terry was to have boxed with his brother Hugh after the game of baseball.

## WOUNDED GIRL

WITH WONDERFUL NERVE

### SAVED THE TRAIN

Almost Knocked Out by the Semaphore Lever.

### INJURED BUT GAME.

Nearly Unconscious She Turned the Switch and Then Dropped.

A young woman who was temporarily filling the post in the telegraph and switching station at Hillsdale, N. J., deserves to go on record as a heroine. She was in the station when the clicking key told her that an



C. C. PETERSON.

Expert Guide and Hunter of Ashland, Maine.

express was approaching. The semaphore had been moved a few minutes before to send a long freight train on the siding. It must be swung back to let the express by otherwise there would be a frightful disaster.

She grasped the lever of the semaphore that was to move the switch and at the same time signal the engineer of the oncoming express that the track was clear. She pulled it over, but it did not slip into its notch.

Instead it flew back as if fired from a catapult and struck her a stunning blow full on the chest. She had been in a bending position so as to exert her strength to full advantage in moving the great lever. The blow had all the more force for that very reason.

It knocked her off her feet and for a moment she lay there. But the importance of clearing the track for the express prevented her losing consciousness. The one idea was burned into her brain that the lever must be moved. She dragged herself to her feet and grasped the lever again. Her brain reeled, but she held on to the lever and slowly moved it over to the right place and heard the click as it reached the ratchet that held it. She glanced from the window.

The headlight of the locomotive was in full view. One look showed that the track was clear, that the signal was in place. The long whistle of the engineer showed her, too, that he had seen the signal.

A mist swam before her eyes. She turned again to the instrument at the little table, and, almost fainting from pain, moved the switch that connected her with Haverstraw. "Send help to Hillsdale. I am hurt."

The message dribbled off into an unintelligible mass of dots and dashes, but it was heard by the operator in Haverstraw. Well that it was, for at the moment her message was sent—even as she was trying to make clear what had happened—she sank, a limp, unconscious heap on the floor of the lofty switching tower.

There she was found lying as if dead thirty minutes later. Tenderly she was carried to the home of her father, a farmer near Ridgewood.

The physicians who attended her said she was hurt internally. The lung tissue had been severely bruised. But there was no evidence of internal hemorrhage, and they hope she will get well.

#### IF YOU TAKE A DRINK

Occasionally, you will confer a favor on the POLICE GAZETTE by asking the man who mixes your drinks if he is trying for the POLICE GAZETTE \$75.00 medal for the 1902 championship.

All is Not Gold That Glitters, but the Gold You Will Read About on Page 7 is the Real Thing





Photo by Kaddowes, New York.

**SADIE MARTINOT.**

SHE'S BEEN PROMINENT IN LEGITIMATE AND VAUDEVILLE A LONG WHILE  
AND SHE NEVER SEEMS TO GROW OLD.



Photo by Gore, Milwaukee.

**ELLA FARNUM.**

A SKETCH ARTIST OF THE CONTINUOUS;  
PARTNER'S NAME HEALY.

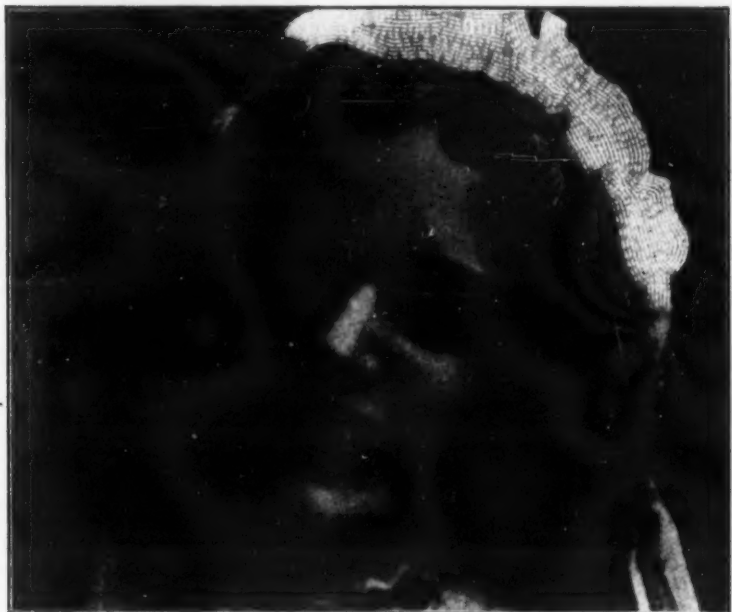


Photo by Gore, Milwaukee.

**LEILA McINTYRE.**

SHE GIVES SOME CLEVER IMPERSONATIONS IN  
VAUDEVILLE OF A CHILD.



Photo by Gore, Milwaukee.

**MILLIE WILLIAMS.**

A BALLET MISTRESS WHO IS INDISPENSABLE  
TO HANLON'S "SUPERBA" COMPANY.



Photo from Electric Studio, Providence.

**THE THREE NUDOS.**

MARIE, RICHARD AND BETH, AND THEIR SPECIALTY IS ACROBATIC, AT  
WHICH THEY ARE UNUSUALLY GOOD.





OLLIE YOUNG AND BROTHER.  
THEY HAVE A SENSATIONAL HOOP ACT  
WHICH IS A HIT EVERYWHERE.



ED F. REYNARD.  
A CLEVER VENTRILOQUIST NOW WITH  
THE GREAT LAFAYETTE SHOW.



JACK MEEHAN.  
A MEMBER OF TROOP H, FORT MEADE,  
S. D., WHO IS A GOOD BOXER.



"BOB."  
FRANK MILLER OF BLOOMINGTON, ILL.,  
WANTS A MATCH FOR HIM.



HE'S A CHAMPION.  
"SNOW," GREAT FIGHTING THIRTY-FOUR  
POUNDER OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.



"TERRY McGOVERN."  
A CANINE ARISTOCRAT OWNED BY J. H.  
FORSYTH, TARIFFVILLE, CONN.



"THE SOAK."  
A CLEVELAND, O., BIRD WHO HAS WON  
SEVEN HARD BATTLES.



A NOTED SCRAPPER.  
A CRACK BROOD GAME OWNED BY  
C. HUMES OF GALESBURG, ILL.



W. C. OSBORNE.  
ABLE FIREMAN OF JACKSONVILLE, FLA.,  
AND A GREAT DOG FANCIER.



## PRETTY SCHOOL GIRL

WENT TO FAME DOWN

### ROPE MADE OF SHEETS

The Belle of the Boarding School Who Wanted to be an Actress, and How She Managed It.

WENT ON THE ROAD WITH BARNSTORMERS.

But That Road Led to Fame and Now She is Very Glad That She Graduated From College Out of a Window.

The girl who figures in this story was by all odds the prettiest in the select boarding school at South Bend, Ind., where her parents had seen fit to send her to put the finishing touches on her education. She was romantic and spirited as well as pretty, and when one morning the matron and faculty beheld a rope made of sheets and pillow cases and bed ticking dangling from the second story window of her empty room they held up their hands in horror, crying out in dismay:

"Elopement! Oh, my! Oh, my!"

And so it was an elopement, but not the kind suspected. No ardent young man was mixed up in it with matrimonial intent. The deed was done at dead of night, without accomplices of either sex, because this pretty and spirited girl was determined to be an actress, despite all obstacles.

The boarding school authorities were in no hurry to tell how their fair prisoner escaped, and neither was the runaway; it thus happened that the facts only come to light now when the heroine of the tale has achieved her ambition—with the assistance of a ladder made of bedclothes—and is the successful ingenue of an important dramatic company.

She is an actress now, and a successful one, and playgoers have applauded her clever work.

The critics agree with the audiences that she possesses qualities which warranted her in reaching the stage by way of an open dormitory window.

She is the daughter of a well-known family of Santa Barbara, Cal. For three years she had pursued her studies in a boarding school at South Bend, Ind.

Stronger than even her devotion to father and mother was her desire to achieve recognition as an actress. From early childhood she had dreamed of going on the stage. As she grew into the dignity of long dresses the dream seemed no nearer fulfillment than when she played with her dolls and called them actresses, naming them after the famous stars of whom she heard her elders speak. For her parents were both of a deeply religious turn of mind and would not listen to their daughter's plea for a theatrical future.

To do her full credit it must be stated that she tried her utmost to be dutiful and forget her longing for the forbidden field.

Bending her graceful head studiously over her books, she planned her imagination to verbs and mathematical problems when it would have soared eagerly to other heights. She pored laboriously over history pages when she would have given a year's supply of new gowns just to be studying a "part" instead. She went obediently to bed at dark o' nights when she was wishing with all her heart that the curtain were rising somewhere amid glitter of lights and jewels in a great theatre, with the calcium glare turned upon her and an enthusiastic audience thundering its approval of her efforts to please. She listened to lectures upon themes that interested but did not interest her—how could dry dissertations, however worthy, fill her thoughts when the stage seemed always calling, calling to her?

Finally, when she could no longer resist the temptation to break the chains that bound her, she took the step that was to lead to success—or failure.

She took it stealthily, while the faculty of the seminary was securely oblivious to her mutiny.

She fled her little white-curtained dormitory room as a restless bird would fly from its cage, no matter how carefully tended. Tearing the stout ticking from her bedding into strips, and ripping up her sheets and pillow cases as well, she tied them all securely together into one long taut rope, fastened one end to the bed, and slipped to liberty over the seminary wall.

When daylight came there was no trace of her. The morning breeze played mischievously with the improvised ladder that swung from the window and mutely told its own story.

The parents of the runaway girl were notified, and they were grief-stricken. Her instructors were shocked. Her classmates were wonder-struck.

The truth came out within a few days after the escape. It was revealed in a letter received by her parents. Enclosed with it was a play bill with the name of their daughter printed upon it in bold display type.

"Dear mamma and papa," the missive ran, "please forgive me, but I just couldn't help it. I am well, and, oh, so happy, and hope to receive the same cheering reports about your health. Don't worry. I can take care of myself, and feel that a bright future is in store for me. Your affectionate daughter, ALICE."

The letter was posted in a small Illinois town. The character of the play bill did not indicate that the venturesome young woman had jumped straight from her bedroom window to fame. The tale it told was a tale of "barnstorming"—up at all sorts of hours, out in all sorts of weather, eating all sorts of food in all sorts of places, travelling daily from one small town to another.

#### FINE HALF-TONE PICTURES

Elegant half-tone reproductions of famous boxers, athletes and actresses, printed on fine paper, ready for framing; six for 50 cents.

other, sleeping in the seat of an ordinary passenger coach, and playing a small melodramatic part to uncultured audiences.

Sometimes she almost wished herself back in the tiny dormitory with its bare white walls, its peace and quiet. But that was only when business was so bad that the company went supperless to bed after their evening's work, or had to walk the railroad tie to the next station.

In the hardest school of all—the school of experience—she learned the lessons necessary to the beginner in theatrical work. She was plucky enough to persevere. Indeed, failure seemed to her so lamentable a thing that she resolved to succeed in spite of every obstacle. Perhaps the most serviceable lesson that she learned in those first months was the lesson of patience.

Presently her patience was rewarded.

In the play of "Prince Otto" there is a fetching character named Gretchen, a typical German maid, with long flaxen braids behind her little pink ears, and peasant costume, including the wooden shoes of the Fatherland. The star engaged her to play this part, and she played it so well—for, being an ambitious beginner, she made the very most of her opportunity—that when another man saw her performance he straightway decided that she would make an ideal Alice Adams, sweetheart of the patriot martyr, Nathan Hale.

For the second time within a few months she had achieved something by an unusual method—she had patterned into popularity in a pair of funny little wooden shoes.

The new manager was so impressed with her dainty ways, refinement and intelligence, that he made her an offer, whereupon she promptly jumped out of her wooden shoes, and Gretchen became the Alice of Clyde Fitch's romantic play of the Revolution.

She is not holding herself up as an example for other girls to follow. Theoretically, she does not believe it is by any means wise for girls to run away from school to go on the stage.

"It is taking great risks," she says, "for a girl to disobey as I did. But I couldn't help it. Really and truly, I couldn't help it."

As for the parents, while they still entertain their cherished objections to the stage as a career for a member of their family, they cannot help feeling proud of their daughter's success and bright prospects.

And the boarding school? Well, when the matron and faculty found that the girls had cut the bed clothes ladder into little bits for souvenirs, they simply redoubled their vigilance. No further elopements are expected from that boarding school for a long time to come.

### Our Halftone Photos.

Ed F. Reynard is a ventriloquist who spares no expense to improve his act, and his many mechanical figures are wonderfully constructed. Mr. Reynard



JOHN MCGLAULIN.

He's an Expert Bootblack of Dover, N. H.

made a big hit with the Lafayette Company this year, and has in preparation an entirely new ventriloquist novelty, entitled "The Hi Holler Farm."

Ollie Young and Brother are well known by patrons of vaudeville for their splendid club swinging

and sensational hoop rolling. They were the feature of Primrose & Dockstader's Minstrels during the past season and have signed with that organization for next season.

A cock that has won his seventh consecutive battle is owned by Frank J. Stier, of Cleveland, O., and the sports of that city have won considerable on the bird, always betting the limit.

The Camden Association Football Team is under the management of Ernest Allen, and has a great record. Those shown in the accompanying photograph are: Manager Ernest Allen, G. Willis, F.



TOMMY MURRAY.

Clever Sketch Artist who has Made a Hit.

Wicksey, Chas. Hampton, S. Puller, James Carroll, President Thomas Lawley, W. Hirst, G. Dermott, Al Hampton, Walt Glover, John Whelan, Charles Hadkiss, Charles Smith, George Miller, J. J. Carroll, Chas. Mathews and Jim Jackson.

M. D'Vit is one of the best known physical culturists on the Pacific coast.

Alex S. Kaufmann, who is the champion bicyclist of Austria-Hungary, is now in this country following pace at the tracks.

Joseph Resoni is an amateur 145-pound wrestler and weight lifter of New York city, who is anxious to arrange a contest with any of the cracks.

Prof. Generoso Pavese claims to be the champion fencer of the world. He belongs in Newark, N. J., where he has a host of friends and admirers.

J. H. Forsyth, of Tariffville, Conn., has a dog which answers to the name of "Terry McGovern," which certainly should make a popular canine.

C. Humes is a breeder of game cocks, and a picture of one of his best Dom brood cocks will be found on another page. He has won three battles.

"Tug" is a thirty-pound fighting dog of Pittsburgh, Pa., owned by W. M. Hunter, who is willing to match him against any dog in the world at his weight.

Tommy Murray is a performer of more than ordinary excellence. He is associated with Harry Antrim and Yetta Peters, and is now working in the parks.

Marie Finney, who is now in England with her brother, is giving exhibitions as the champion lady swimmer of the world. She is an unusually clever performer.

John McGlaulin, of 302 Central avenue, Dover, N. H., has charge of the bootblackening privileges in Sherry's barber shop. He has never yet failed to give satisfaction.

Jack Meehan is a heavyweight boxer of Fort Meade, S. D., and some day promises to surprise theistic critics. He is young and is steadily improving in his profession.

Wicks Osborne is well known in Jacksonville, Ill., and is a breeder of dogs and game cocks. He is shown with his famous dog "Jack," the winner of a number of battles.

John J. Kimmel, who owns a well patronized saloon at 201 Throop avenue, Brooklyn, claims to be the champion accordion player. He is anxious to make a match with anyone.

"Snow" is a bull terrier dog who has won many battles, and his owner, H. M. Shall, of 5423 Magazine street, New Orleans, is ready to match him with any thirty-four-pounder.

C. C. Peterson, of Ashland, Me., is a registered guide and licensed camp owner. He is the head of the firm of Peterson & McKay, and they have 6,000 acres leased for sporting purposes.

Frank Miller's dog "Bob," of Bloomington, Ill., is always looking for trouble, and when at weight, which is forty pounds, can give any canine a good battle, and his owner is ready to back his opinion.

#### A CLEVER ACT.

The Dockmans, monarchs of physical culture, have just finished a two weeks' engagement at the Cour D'Alene Theatre, in Spokane, Wash., and will take a few weeks' vacation. They have only laid off two weeks since the fire at Fair View Park, at Dayton, O., last August, and since then have played the South, West and Northwestern States and are now on their way East again.

#### MAKE YOURSELF STRONG

The art of wrestling nicely illustrated and containing portraits of the champions. Price, 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, Fox Building, New York City.

## RACE TRACK MAN

WHO LOST \$50,000 BY

### HEDGING A BET

How a Big Plunger Weakened at a Critical Moment.

STOOD TO WIN \$80,000

The Good Thing Panned Out All Right But the Gambler Was Sidetracked.

A man who is famous the world over as a plunger on the race tracks met an old friend recently, who was familiarly called "Buck."

"Your name reminds me," he said, "of the worst roasting I ever got on a track. I was out at Ingleside, in California, where I had picked about twenty-two straight losers. Early one morning I snapped my watch on a horse named Buckwa—who, I believe, still holds the champion four-mile record—as he covered a mile and a half on the bit in something like 2:40. The old nag was just then going into training, after a long let-up, and his performance astounded me. He was high in flesh, and looked far from a horse in racing trim, but the way he got over the ground during the progress of that gallop, with a heavy stable boy on his back, astonished me, and I made up my mind to put a whopping commission on him the first time he started.

"Buckwa wasn't carded to go to the post until about three weeks later, and I had been getting on the wrong ones right along. Buckwa was down to go in a mile-and-a-quarter race with a lot of the California cracker-jacks. The other horses were so good, and Buckwa still looked so high in flesh and generally rank, that the books laid as high as 40 to 1 against his chances. I got some money down at that figure, and some more, when they cut the price a little, at 30 to 1, so that by the time the horses were being saddled to go to the post I stood to draw down something like \$80,000 in case old Buckwa should win.

"I sat in the grand stand with a friend, a heavy operator, to watch the race. As the horses came out of



JOHN J. KIMMEL.

Claims to be the Champion Accordion Player.

the paddock gate on to the track old Buckwa, who led the procession, took fright over a piece of paper that blew across the track and started to run. He had runaway habits, and as I looked at him in the act of taking the bit between his teeth and galloping up the stretch at racing speed I felt that the money I had bet on him was burnt up.

"That'll be about all of Buckwa for mine," said I to the man beside me. "He's going to keep right on running till he jumps the fence."

"Oh, no, I guess not—the boy'll be able to take him up," he replied, confidently.

"Well," said I, "I'm on the plug at 40 and 30 to 1, and, if you're so confident the boy'll get him, you can have \$1,000 worth of mine at 30 to 1."

"You're on," said he, and a half minute later I was glad that I had hedged out that way, for old Buckwa kept right on going, and the boy had no chance whatever of holding in the hard-headed brute. It was my friend's turn to be chagrined that he had taken the bet when the old horse raced around the track three times, just three miles before he was corralled.

"That's an easy thousand for you to get back," he said to me as the horses, the tired Buckwa trailing behind the field, went to the post. "Buckwa won't finish now within a quarter of a mile of the leaders."

"When they got to the post, however, it was easy to see that the boy on Buckwa was purposely delaying the start in order to give the old horse under him a chance to rest and cool out. That's exactly what he did, and he was fined \$500 for it by the starter, but the boy figured that Buckwa would have a chance, runaway or no runaway, and he kept the field at the post for thirty-five minutes before he made up his mind that Buckwa had sufficiently recovered himself to make any kind of a showing in the race.

"Then they got away to a swaggar start. You can imagine how I felt when I saw old Buckwa shoot right out from the first jump and assume a commanding lead. He didn't seem to be suffering in the slightest degree from that wild preliminary gallop of three miles, and the farther he went the greater the lead he gained on his field. He swept under the wire six lengths in advance of the bunch—and there was my \$80,000 winning knocked into a cocked hat by the \$1,000, at 50 to 1, that I had laid off when the old brute started to run away. I have never hedged a bet once since that day, and I never will execute another hedge on a race track as long as I'm playing them."



# START PHYSICAL CULTURE CLUBS

THE RICHARD K. FOX CLUB No. 1 OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,  
HEADS THE LIST--GET IN LINE.

Here is a letter which has been received at this office. It was written by a young man of Minneapolis, Minn., and it is particularly gratifying to Mr. Fox, who has always taken a great interest in the athletic development of young men.

**Mr. Richard K. Fox—Dear Sir:** I am a machinist's helper and for about two years I have been a reader of the "Police Gazette." I belong to a social club which has been called The Ramblers and we

take into consideration the fact that it costs you nothing.

The Prizes are here and will be given to somebody.

You have a chance to win one, and it might be the Diamond Medal.

If you don't it's your fault not ours.

We don't insist upon your being a subscriber, but if you would like to take the GAZETTE regularly, send a dollar and get it for thirteen weeks, including

young Duke de la Rochefoucauld's flying trapeze performance, twelve masked society girls gave an exhibition of the sylvatic rhythmic leg flinging.

The newspapers announce positively that Bayle, Mainguet and Albert, three well-known savate professionals, will fight Billy Gordon, a Connecticut negro; Dave Meyer, American champion of the world at bag punching, and Alex Sullivan, an English champion, at the National Sporting Club in London. As usual, the Frenchmen will use both hands and feet, being shod with ordinary walking boots, while the Anglo-Saxons will use fists only, wearing light boxing gloves.

All the tickets have been sold already to society men and women subscribers, because as one sporting sheet gloatingly says: "Judging from previous bouts, everybody expects the match will be bloodier than a bull fight."

## HAVE A DRINK?

All right; but when you do ask the man behind the bar if he knows about the "Police Gazette" bartender's contest and the \$75.00 medal.

## MURRAY WON ON A FOUL.

Jimmie Murray, the Cincinnati lightweight, received the decision on a foul over Joe Leonard, of Buffalo, at Fort Erie, June 16, after thirty-five seconds had been fought in the eighteenth round of one of the roughest fights ever seen in that vicinity. For ten rounds it was a case of maul, hug, push, wrestle, choke, fall, swing partners, and repeat the programme right over again.

It looked very much Leonard then, but the Buffalo lad seemed unable to produce a clean punch, and Murray finally began to send in some stiff ones. Straight lefts and rights to the face and jaw and straight rights over the heart rattled Leonard's teeth, brought the blood and caused him to wince perceptibly.

Leonard grew a bit wild, punched repeatedly in the clinches, in violation of the clean-break rules. His foul was flagrant in the eighteenth round, and Referee Ed McBride earned the applause of the spectators when he stopped the bout and gave Murray the decision.

In the first preliminary contest Joe Mackey and Henry Smith, two local featherweights, boxed six fast rounds to a draw. In the second bout "Kid" Herrick, of Rochester, was practically knocked out in six rounds by Harry Cobb, of Niagara Falls.

## HALLIDAY KNOCKED OUT.

George Halliday, of New York, was knocked out in the second round by "Kid" Goodman, of Boston, before the Pastime A. C., of New Britain, Conn., June 16, in what was to have been a twenty-round bout. In the

to 7:01 Kennedy, only two or three small bets being made. The milling was fast from the start.

Broad secured an advantage in the first round, sent Kennedy to the floor and had the Allegheny boy in a groggy state, but failed to follow it up. Kennedy began to play on Fred's stomach in the second round, and the German became weak. A few of Kennedy's fierce rushes in the third made Broad wobbly.

While Broad was in this condition Kennedy waded in, and, after planting one in the stomach, sent two to the head, and the right swing that followed was sufficient to send the New Kensington pugilist to the floor. It was fully three minutes before Broad recovered, after he had been carried to his chair.

## This Week's Illustrations

The band of Romany Gypsies who were recently encamped near Cairo, Ill., have made it a rule to never steal a woman's pet dog. One of their number picked up a spaniel recently and the woman who owned it, backed up by a couple of men, invaded the camp with a gun.

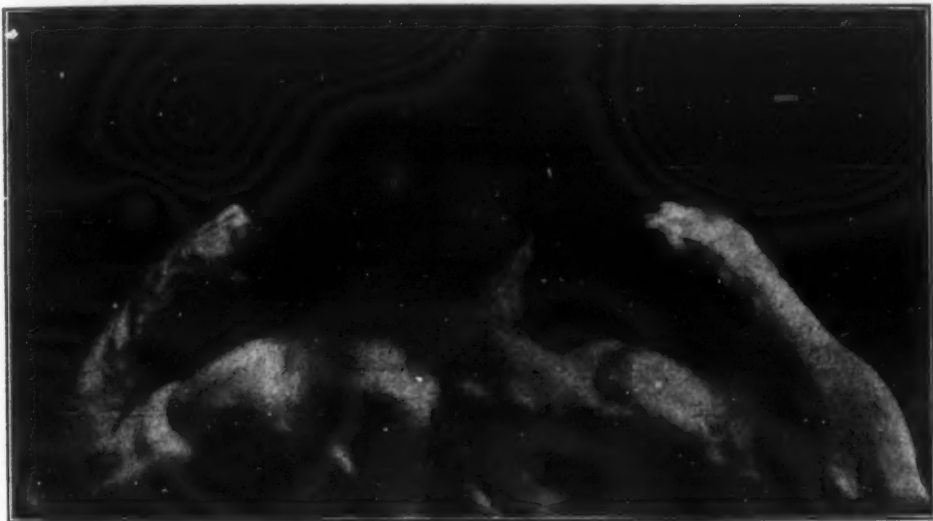
She said if the dog wasn't produced in ten minutes she would shoot. She got the dog.

There's a pretty milkmaid who lives near Glenwood Springs, Col., who has done more with her milk pail than some men have done with a revolver or rifle.

She was drawing the lacteal from a cow the other afternoon, when a wildcat sneaked in the yard. She yelled at him but instead of going away he came nearer. When he was too near for comfort she jumped up and threw the stool at him, while the cow ran for shelter. He didn't seem a bit frightened and made a leap for her, when she whacked him with the pail. It knocked him down and then she forced the attack. She hammered him with her novel weapon until it was battered out of shape and the wildcat thought he had been struck by a cyclone, then she ran for shelter.

He probably knows by this time that you can't get the best of a Colorado milkmaid.

The man in this tale is professionally known as a second-story grafter, but he grew tired of porch climbing in Boston and hied him to Salem, Mass., where he thought he might be able to pick up a living with less effort. He found a nice little cottage which looked prosperous, and with true professional instinct he found that the folks were out. He made his entrance easily and in about twenty minutes he had cleaned up a nice bunch of swag which he stowed in his pockets. He walked out of the front door and had reached the gravelled path, when a determined-looking young



ALEXANDER McCLEAN of Cincinnati, Ohio.

have always kept your paper on file at the club rooms.

The object of the club was simply to have a good time once a year on an excursion or an outing of some kind. Most of the money in the treasury went for beer and other refreshments, and on the return home most of the members were quite hilarious.

We have been interested to a certain extent in your physical culture contest, but I don't think there is one of the members who is well developed enough to stand a chance to win a prize.

At a special meeting the other night I made a motion to change the name of the organization and call it the Richard K. Fox Physical Culture Club, No. 1.

The motion was carried without a dissenting vote.

Instead of having an outing this year we have invested the money in athletic apparatus, and we are going in for athletics; we think it will do us good.

This move is directly caused by the contest in your valuable paper, and we, as a club, desire to thank you for the interest you have taken in the welfare of the young men of America.

I believe there ought to be a physical culture association in every city, and I hope the young men of other places will follow our example.

Very truly yours,

Thomas A. Muncey.

Minneapolis, Minn., June 12.

It doesn't seem necessary to comment upon the foregoing letter. The story it tells is complete and should be an object lesson to others.

It would be a great thing for the country if there were a thousand Richard K. Fox Physical Culture Clubs.

No. 1 has been started.

Who will be the one to organize No. 2.

In the meantime don't forget that the contest is still open, and if you haven't the muscles, perhaps one of your friends has.

You will do him a favor if you will interest him enough to have his photograph taken and enter it.

It will cost nothing.

Here are the incentives:

**First prize--Large gold championship medal, embellished with a diamond mounting, appropriately designed and manufactured by an A 1 jeweller and costing \$100.**

**Second prize--\$50 in gold.**

**Third prize--\$25 in gold.**

**Fourth prize--\$10 in gold.**

They are all worth trying for, especially when you

the handsome halftone supplements, which alone are worth the money.

You are also entitled to a premium, and if you are interested enough to want to know what it is a list will be sent to you for the asking.

## LETTERS FROM ASPIRANTS.

### DRIVES A WAGON.

I am glad to be able to enter your contest. I am a driver and am employed by a hay and feed house. I have been working on physical culture for about three months, and it has done me a lot of good.

LEWIS R. JACOBSON,  
117 E. Second St., Jamestown, N. Y.

### A BARBER'S PROTEGE.

Enclosed find photographs of Joseph Montag, who is a patron of my barber shop and wishes to enter your physical culture contest. I told him if he would have his photograph taken I would send it on to you, and it will be a favor to me if you publish it in your valuable paper.

Yours truly, FRED OSER,  
Cincinnati, O.

### SAYS CONTEST IS ENCOURAGING.

Enclosed please find photo for your physical culture contest. I am not a giant in structure, but have a good development. Your contest is encouraging to men and boys of small stature, as you have published a few photos of men with good development, only they had a small build.

Yours truly, JAMES P. STODDARD,  
East Boston, Mass.

### HERE'S A MACHINIST.

Please find two photographs enclosed for your great physical culture contest. I am a machinist and work hard every day, but I always find time to take my exercise. I belong to a gymnasium in South Boston, and I am an all-around athlete and captain of an athletic association and very prominent in athletic sports. So being a constant reader of your paper I decided to try my luck in your contest. I think your contest is a great one. It not only interests athletes, but many others who will try to develop themselves.

Yours truly, HUGH L. MCSTINSON,  
Dorchester, Mass.

### BOXING WITH THE FEET.

One Woman in Paris Knocks Out Three Men in Succession.

The art of savate, which is really boxing with the feet, has been revived in Paris. It was thought the Paris police would never permit another such exhibition after the Driscoll-Charlemont match, in which the Frenchman knocked out the Englishman by a foul blow, and the match between Mariette Augagneur, the woman champion at savate, and Jenny Pinkham, London's pretty boxer, in which the latter was so severely kicked in the stomach that she spit blood after a previous kick had permanently disfigured her.

But lately there have been several encounters. In two of them women have participated. One is the Italian savate expert named Maria Campellota, who makes a living teaching aristocratic women. She knocked out three men in succession.

At Moller's private circus, immediately after the

## CUT RATES IN SPORTING BOOKS

Your can have your choice of two for 25 cents. "Life of James J. Corbett," "American Champions," "Black Champions," "Life of John L. Sullivan,"



ROBERT HAMANN of Brooklyn, N. Y.

first Halliday put it all over the "Kid" and things looked easy for Halliday. In the second round in breaking from a clinch, Halliday turned to speak to the referee and the "Kid" caught the New Yorker on the jaw with a left jab, putting him down and out.

In the first preliminary Madden and Young Vennart went the limit to a draw. "Colored Mississippi" met an unknown. "Mississippi" knocked his man out in the second round.

## BROAD--NOT "KID"--KNOCKED OUT

Eddie Kennedy knocked out Fred Broad recently in the third round of their bout pulled off on a covered barge on the Ohio river below the Western penitentiary, Pittsburg. About 250 people witnessed the contest. The men fought for a side bet of fifty per cent. of the gross receipts, the latter being divided sixty per cent. to the winner and forty per cent. to the loser. "Yock" Henniger was the referee. The betting was 10

woman with the square kind of a jaw that means fight, galloped up on a handsome bay horse.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Nothing," was the reply. "I was just taking a look around."

"I think you're a thief."

"Well, think again," he said, starting down the path.

"Go back," she cried, at the same time pulling out a navy revolver about a foot long.

When he saw the way she handled her gun he concluded to obey. She made him sit on the porch for over an hour when she called to a man who was passing by.

They made him dump the jewelry out of his clothes and then had him locked up.

He's fixed for the summer.

## THE BARTENDER CHAMPION

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MADE THE GYPSYS WEAKEN.

THEY HAD STOLEN A PET DOG AT CAIRO, ILL., BUT THEY WERE PERSUADED TO GIVE IT UP.



THE MILKMAID WAS GAME.

A FARMER LASS OF GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COL., BRAVELY ATTACKS AND WHIPS A FEROCIOUS WILDCAT.





JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

A GIRL OF SALEM, MASS., ARRIVES AT THE PROPER MOMENT TO HOLD UP A BOSTON CROOK WHO HAD BEEN RIFLING THE HOUSE.



# JEFFRIES AND FITZ WILL FIGHT

FOR THE TITLE OF CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

## UNDER A TENT IN 'FRISCO

To Relieve the Spectators of Much Warm Weather Discomfort the Promoters of the Fight Have Planned this Circus Feature.

### SHARKEY AND WALCOTT MAY BOX FOR THE KING

Terry McGovern Injures His Arm---Kid Lavigne is "All In"---Philadelphia Jack O'Brien After Soft Snaps---Small Talk About the Pugs.

To think of all the big things in the fistic line that are going to happen in the near future in California makes one almost willing to give up the strenuous excitement incident to Broadway life and take it on the hot foot for the Metropolis of the Golden Gate. Things "touchin' on and appertainin' to" the ring, to quote the distinguished Chief Devery, are certainly getting very warm on the Coast, where two bona fide championship fights and innumerable affairs of a minor character are scheduled for decision. Of course, precedence is given to the meeting of Jeffries and Fitzsimmons, and with both men in training and the date but a few weeks away it merits more than passing consideration. It has been decided that they will fight for the heavyweight championship under canvas. A lot at the corner of Fourteenth and Valencia streets is being scooped out, and a ring will be pitched in the center. From this the floor will ascend gradually on all sides. The arena will seat 10,000 spectators.

Referring to this tent proposition the "Man Behind the Scenes" in the *Morning Telegraph* says it admits of great possibilities and intimates that a series of championship contests prolonged throughout the tenting season is entirely feasible.

There is no reason why the struggle of giants begun in the early summer upon the far distant Pacific Coast should not come to its final issue in the effete East just before the snow flies.

A regular itinerary could be laid out, and the show organized to travel by train or wagon, according to necessities. The advertising cars would run from two to four weeks ahead, and public interest be so adroitly stimulated that the entire populace would turn out at daylight to see the tent pitched.

There would need be a street parade, of course, with band wagons and steam calliopes and tableau cars upon which could be revealed artistic groupings typical of famous arenic contests and affording vivid object lessons in the evolution of fistic art.

Nothing could be more graphic and instructive to the youth of this country than contrasting views, comparing the barbaric ferocity of the unremunerative olden time encounter with naked fists to the esthetic refinement of the up-to-date glove contest for a fat purse and juicy gate receipts.

The youth of this country entertain scant reverence for men of eminence in the learned professions, in politics, finance and statecraft. But the strenuous person of renown as a scrapper, although he may have grave difficulty in writing his own signature to a profound essay upon physical culture, commands the homage and admiration denied to mere mental genius.

Prizefighting under such conditions would find substantial patrons and supporters among those who are now its bigoted opponents. The attendance of the gentler sex would be largely increased.

The curious lady who desired to see two bulky men slap each other with the mitts would no longer be compelled to assume the flimsy disguise of a false mustache and a masculine sack suit. She could go openly and above board and take the children if so inclined, and her very presence would exercise a refining and restraining influence upon sporting gentlemen who naturally incline, when at a fight, toward excessive indulgence in strong drink and profanity of expression.

It is barely within the possibilities that if Messrs. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons thump each other vigorously twice daily for an entire tenting season, they may arrive at a conclusion which will be in a measure wholly satisfactory to themselves and to their respective adherents.

It would be gratifying to reach a final result, even if it takes a little longer and Mr. Corbett is compelled to wait.

But even if the circus tent experiment be limited to the single performance in San Francisco, it will develop many unique and amusing features.

In an outline of Fitzsimmons' daily training, a correspondent at Skoggs Springs, Cal., writes:

"Rosy fingered dawn has not yet got in her daily work on even the loftiest peaks of the Sierras when Fitzsimmons shakes himself loose from the talons of Morpheus, and, clad not even in the wanton brevity of his robe du nuit, plunges headforemost into the rushing torrent that ripples lazily outside the door of the training quarters."

The "rushing torrent that ripples lazily" is good.

I don't know how Tom Sharkey will square himself with the Land League or the Ancient Order of Hibernians if he recognizes King Edward's command to appear before him in a fistic bout. His "Royal Nibs," before he qualified for the golden sky piece and the ermine wrapper, was always fond of the knuckle game, and much as he would like to see the boxing at the National Sporting Club show, in Covent Garden, it would hardly be in accord with his royal dignity to attend, so he is to do the next best thing and have the boxers come to him.

Arrangements are being made by royal command for the appearance of Sharkey, Walcott and West in a private sparring exhibition at Buckingham Palace Garden for the benefit of His Majesty and the gentlemen of the court.

The gardens, which are in the rear of the palace, comprise twenty-six acres of beautiful park in the heart of London. High walls shut off the public on all

sides and only the elect can see the backyard of the royal dwelling.

Here would be an ideal place for the boxers to exhibit themselves on the turf, and it is whispered that a real old time bare knuckle contest, under London prize ring rules, may be pulled off in the cool of the garden.

Sam Fitzpatrick, Sharkey's manager, writes: "Manager Bettinson, of the National Sporting Club, is trying to arrange for Sharkey to give a private exhibition for the king. His Majesty also wants to see Wal-



JACK DOYLE.

One of the Star First Basemen of the National League who has been Released by the Management of the New York Team.

cott and West. From the way things look now, Sharkey will box for royalty. It will do him a lot of good if he does and it certainly will not hurt the King. Walcott is also eager to appear at court."

How nice!

Terry McGovern was at Sheephead Bay the other day with his right arm in a sling, hidden behind the most hideous looking red sweater I ever saw. He was decidedly laid up for repairs, but seemed quite chirpy in spite of the accident which he met with in the base ball game recently.

"It was all my own fault," he said, "and the only trouble was that I collided with a baseman. The other husky fellow hit me pretty hard and I spun around three or four times before I fell. The jar it gave me seemed worse than anything I ever ran up against in the ring, and it will be some little time before I take on a game of baseball again."

"No, my collar bone is not broken, and I'm just bruised and strained a bit. The doctors thought it better to put my arm out of business for a day or two. I'm feeling first rate, however, and haven't the slightest idea that the accident will interfere with my ring engagements."

Maybe not, but considering the importance of his now pending engagement with Young Corbett it might be as well for him to dodge all chances of receiving a more serious injury.

Sad indeed is the news contained in a special dispatch to the *San Francisco Bulletin* that "Kid"

#### FIGHTING DOGS

Can be trained by anybody who owns "The Dog Pit," published by Richard K. Fox. It costs twenty-five cents, but it's worth more.

Lavigne, the greatest lightweight fighter of modern times, recently became demented at Stockton, Cal., and had to be temporarily confined in a detention hospital. A subsequent dispatch, however, said that his condition is so much improved that he will not be examined for commitment to the asylum unless he should grow worse. He is excitable. His left arm pains him, otherwise he is all right.

Lavigne went to Stockton to witness the Gibbs-Williams fight. He walked around a great deal in the hot sun. Suddenly he began to shout and swing his arms. Friends called constables to take the demented fighter to the hospital. Lavigne resisted and his arm was hurt again in the struggle. His recent defeat by Tommy Britt, it is feared, so preyed upon his mind as to make him lose all control of himself.

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien has evidently purloined a leaf out of Tommy Ryan's note book. "How to get easy money by licking suckers." Of course, it doesn't add much to a distinguished champion's prestige to get the coin that way, but as long as he gets it, what's the difference, is the argument, I suppose. "Yank" Kenny, "Yellow Yank" they call him in the West, probably to distinguish him from some other Yank who had a little of the quality of gameness in his makeup, was "Philadelphia Jack's" most recent victim. The day before the battle the papers in the sleepy city in "plugging" things along told all about the splendid condition both men were in and how "Yank" intended to whip O'Brien and get even for a defeat on another occasion, but when they stepped into the ring Kenny was hog fat and in poor condition. He towered half a head above O'Brien and was so broad that when he was in front of O'Brien the spectators could hardly see Jack at all.

O'Brien went right at Kenny hammer and tongs and fairly showered the blows on him. It was like an expert playing with a punching bag. Kenny got wild and one of his swings landed on O'Brien and made Jack rock. He came back at Kenny just as fast, however, and it was soon seen that it was all O'Brien, and that,

selected. It would be particularly unwise for Corbett to insist upon the change unless he has a very good reason for doing so, besides he is in honor bound to give some consideration to the interests of the men who have invested money in the enterprise.

For a change when George McFadden and Joe Gans meet it will be in a championship battle in which the weight stipulation will be strictly observed. They came to an agreement in San Francisco the other day to fight at 133 pounds ringside, which were the terms the white boy asked for. Gans' manager argued for more weight and the champion was silent until the club people said that the fighters would have to come to terms anon, for there was little time to arrange for the fight. It was here that the colored champion arose and announced that he would meet McFadden at his own weight. The fighters stipulated to post \$250 each as a guarantee to do the weight.

This is as it should be. In all matches in which a title is involved the weighing should be done at the ringside. Scaling the weights at three o'clock in the afternoon, nine in the morning or six in the evening, as fighters frequently do, is all wrong and unfair to the other legitimate aspirants for stellar honors who can "do" the championship weights, but are placed at a disadvantage by the recognized holders of titles who assume the prerogative of stipulating the weights at which they are willing to fight. The fistic authorities in this country, in my opinion, are not sufficiently strict in their interpretation of this important feature of the rules.

It seems too bad that amidst all this boxing excitement in England, "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, who is the recognized holder of two English championships, should choose to absent himself from the festivities. Quite the most important match in connection with the coronation bouts would have been a meeting between O'Brien and Tommy Ryan or "Kid" McCoy. The latter preferably. It isn't generally known that the Philadelphian owes much of his cleverness to the pointers he received from the artful "Kid" while boxing with the latter in training quarters. This was prior to O'Brien's invasion of England, and the success that the latter met with abroad aroused McCoy's cupidity to such an extent that he followed on Jack's trail, and did all he could to lure him into a fight before the National Sporting Club.

But O'Brien was wise in his generation and refused to be drawn. He politely informed the "Kid" that he would fight him at the middleweight limit, but not an ounce over that figure. It being an utter impossibility for McCoy to reach the 155-pound mark, O'Brien's ultimatum put an end to all chances of a battle between the pair.

It is highly probable, however, that O'Brien has gained sufficient confidence in himself ere this to try conclusions with McCoy, and had he manifested any desire for such a match I am sure Manager Bettinson, of the National Sporting Club, would have made them an advantageous offer.

"Kid" McCoy's desire to get another crack at "Kid" Carter may be gratified. According to a dispatch from Buffalo McCoy has signed articles to meet "Kid" Carter, the rugged Brooklyn middleweight, in a twenty-round bout before the International A. C., Fort Erie, within three weeks. Jack Hermann saw McCoy and got his signature. Carter already has signed and all that is necessary to make the affair binding is for the men to post forfeits and name the date. McCoy and Carter recently furnished a lively six-round bout at Philadelphia. McCoy in this contest was worsted and was in danger of being knocked out. McCoy says he was not in the best of condition and urged Hermann to make a return match. The men will battle for sixty per cent. of the gate receipts; of this the winner will get seventy-five per cent. and the loser twenty-five per cent. Both McCoy and Carter have started training.

SAM AUSTIN.

#### HELLO, BARKEEP!

Are you going to send a recipe of your own for the "Police Gazette" bartender's contest? You ought to, for you may win the medal. There are prizes in gold, too. Look it over.

#### BASEBALL GOSSIP.

Smoot is now battling hard for St. Louis.

Van Haltren hopes to be in the game again by August.

Charley Irwin is playing splendid ball for Brooklyn.

New York has won but three games in Chicago in two years.

The Pittsburg papers are jumping on Fred Clarke for his kicking.

Carney, Boston's right fielder, has made a great hit with the fans of culture.

Outfielder Hemphill has been released by Cleveland and signed by St. Louis.

It is now said that Malone, the St. Louis player, will be with Pittsburg next season.

Matt Kililea thinks Danny Green of the White Sox is the greatest outfielder in the business.

There are twenty-five batsmen in the American League to-day with average of .300 or better.

Tannehill is now the only regular Pittsburg pitcher who has not whitewashed an opposing team.

Sheckard, Clarke and Keeler are three of the most graceful, rapid ground coverers in the business.

"I can't see any team in the race," says Hannan, "that we can't beat, with the possible exception of Pittsburg."

The Boston Club has released Pitcher Mitchell to the Athletics, loaned Deininger to Manchester, and sent Williams home.

Wills, the college man, who used to play first base for Louisville, is now with the Chickasaws, a semi-professional team of Memphis.

#### HAYES WANTS LENNY AGAIN.

Tommy Hayes, who recently met Eddie Lenny, would like to meet the Philadelphia featherweight again and is sure he can defeat him.

#### LEARN TO MIX DRINKS

To begin with, get "Fox's Bartender's Guide," which is one of the most compact and authentic books on the market. Twenty-five cents. That's all.

BARBER'S BOOK OF RECIPES. Just Published. Invaluable to Tonsorialists. Price 25c. This Office



## OUR CORRESPONDENTS' COLUMN

IS THE MOST RELIABLE MEDIUM FOR

## DISSEMINATING INFORMATION

Send Your Queries to Us if You Desire Knowledge Upon Any Subject Appertaining to Cards, Sport, War, Etc.

## UP-TO-DATE WISDOM BUREAU AT YOUR DISPOSAL

We Cheerfully Furnish Replies to Our Readers---No Reflection Upon Your Intelligence to Ask Questions---We Like to Hear From You.

F. S., Newark.—Send 10 cents for "Police Gazette" records.

A. H. C., East Waterboro, Me.—Sorry we cannot oblige you.

A. F. G., Ida Grove, Iowa.—Would suggest that you get a manager.

C. F., Slayton, Minn.—We do not answer by mail. What was your question?

J. J. M., Springfield, Ill.—Apply to Johnny Connors of your city for advice.

S. N. H., Rustan, La.—Write to Cook's Tourist office, 201 Broadway, New York.

J. F., Newark, N. J.—Apply to Frank Clark, Supt. Sheepshead Bay race track.

C. K. B., Zanesville, O.—Send 10 cents for "Police Gazette" records containing all you ask for.

I. W. R., New York.—Who is the recognized champion of continuous pool?.....De Oro holds the championship.

W. L. MCP., Oneonta, N. Y.—Nothing being stipulated in shaking five dice, does three duces beat three aces?.....Yes.

H. E. L., Ukiah, Cal.—What is the record for catching, throwing and tying a steer?.....No authentic record for this feat.

S. H., Walden, Col.—Inform me of the date of the Northfield bank robbery?.....Book is out of print and have apt no dates.

C. M., Taunton, Mass.—Whose glove came off in the last round of the late Jeffries-Sharkey fight?.....Jeffries' glove came off.

J. E., St. Louis, Mo.—What is the exact age of Robert Fitzsimmons?.....Nobody knows. As near as we can learn he is about forty-three.

J. H., Pawtucket, R. I.—Who was the man to whom the credit is due of bringing fighting to the front for the last century?.....Richard K. Fox.

J. R., Newport, R. I.—A bets B that if "Kid" Broad had knocked out Young Corbett in their last fight he would be champion?.....Champion of what?

B. B. J., Birmingham, Ala.—Is there a first-class boxing school in Denver, Los Angeles and San Francisco?.....Write to sporting editors of local papers.

A. J. C., Oswego, N. Y.—Can you tell me the address of "Judge" the comic weekly of New York?.....Corner of Eighteenth street and Fifth ave., New York.

C. F. McB., Auburn, Ill.—When and where did Fitzsimmons and Con Rordan box which resulted fatally for Rordan?.....Syracuse, N. Y., November 19, 1894.

D. M., Jersey City.—An Italian friend of mine wishes to know where he could be taught the English language at the least cost?.....At the public schools. No cost at all.

C. S., Battle River, Minn.—Who is the strongest man in the world in lifting dumbbells or lifting on the platform?.....Louis Cyr is the "Police Gazette" champion.

H. J. N., National Military Home, Ohio.—I desire to obtain information regarding Mr. C. Dudley, 35 and 37 Broadway. He is in the turf business.....Never heard of him.

J. R., Brooklyn.—A bet B that Wefers has not a record of 9 3-5 seconds for 100 yards' run?.....He did it at Washington, but the Amateur Athletic Union does not recognize it.

IXL Sport, Pendleton, Ore.—State the winner of the Brooklyn Handicap in 1898, also the second and third horses?.....Sir Walter first, Clifford second and St. Maxim third.

H. C. B., Jr., Honolulu, Hawaii.—Was John L. Sullivan ever champion puglist of the world? A bets that he was never champion of the world.....He never was. A is right.

P. O. F., Leavenworth, Kan.—What was the correct weights of Terry McGovern and George Dixon, when McGovern defeated him for the featherweight championship of the world?.....122 pounds.

G. J. A., La Cananea, Sonora, Mexico.—What horses won the following races in England in 1897: The Derby, The Grand National, The Chester Cup, The Manchester November Handicap?.....1. Merry Hampton, 2. Gamecock, 3. Carlton, 4. Carlton.

C. A., Chicago, Ill.—Must McGovern fight when Sam Harris gets a match for him or can he object. According to his contract is Harris his boss?.....There are never any hitches. They confer and agree. There is no "boss" as you probably interpret the word.

J. K., New York.—Where can I get a book that will teach me the proper training for a long distance race? Is fifty-six miles in 8 1/2 hours a fair record, without training, on a track thirty-seven laps to a mile?.....Send twenty-five cents to this office for "Rules on Training." Yes, a good performance.

S. T., Schuylerville, N. Y.—Give me the address of any sporting newspaper printed in Australia, either in Sydney or Melbourne? I have a bet that the POLICE GAZETTE is not printed in any part of Australia?.....1. Melbourne Sportman, 2. POLICE GAZETTE is printed in New York city, but sold in Australia.

Touson, New Orleans, La.—What has become of Fred Miller, the "Police Gazette" overland traveler and his dog Guess? Was there ever a crack jockey by the name of French? If not, give me the names of two or three crack jockeys during the reign of Isaac Murphy. 1. Do not know where Miller is, "Guess" is dead. 2. French was not very prominent. 3. McLaughlin, Fitzpatrick, Donohue and Garrison.

J. McC., New Orleans.—Did, to the best of your knowledge, George W. Hamilton, the jumper, ever perform the feat of jumping over a 15-hand horse without touching the horse with his hands or feet?.....Possibly, but never heard of it. Several other jumpers, however, have done it.

Subscriber, Charleston, S. C.—What is the present address of John D. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Company? Can a letter reach him direct or must it first pass through his secretary's hands?.....1. His address is 26 Broadway, New York city. 2. Letters would pass through hands of his private secretary and probably be read by him.

Jim, the Barber, New York.—The Brooklyn baseball nine of the National League were ahead of the New York nine on the evening of May 30, 1902, but since

he played for the eye, nearly closing it. The only excitement occurred during the fifth round, when O'Brien caught Bonner a stiff uppercut on the chin. Bonner appeared to be groggy, and O'Brien was urged by cries from all sides to go in and finish him. Just then time was called. In the sixth round the two men mixed it up at the start.

In the first bout of the evening, Young Thomas, of Philadelphia, got a decision over "Kid" Lyons, of Trenton.

## HOW ARE YOUR BICEPS?

Pretty good? Well, then the rest of your body is probably in proportion and you ought to enter the physical culture contest. It costs nothing.

## RIOT ENDED FIGHT.

The bout between Walter Burgo, of Boston, and William Yutay, of Sand Patch, Pa., lightweights, at Ravenscroft Opera House, Frostburg, Ind., recently, ended in the midst of a riot. One minute had not elapsed in the first round before Burgo in a clinch gave Yutay a blow on the jaw that felled him. Referee Charles Kiefer, of Garrett, Pa., promptly gave the fight to Yutay on a foul. There were loud yells of "robbery" and 500 men jumped to their feet.

Burgo made a rush at Referee Kiefer, but was given a blow in the eye by Jim Reeder, colored lightweight of Altoona, who seconded Yutay. Burgo then grappled Reeder and while his arms were being held butted Reeder in the face until his nose was broken, and it was with difficulty that Burgo could be pulled away.

In the melee which followed among the partisans cut faces and black eyes were about equally divided. The police cleared the stage. Burgo's adherents lost about \$1,000. He has posted \$100 for another go.

## HANLEY PUT OUT.

George Bloch, the undefeated St. Louis fighter, won another battle in that city on June 17, knocking out Jack Hanley, "Rube" Ferns' former manager and



A. H. SIEVERS.

Owner of the Hotel Astoria Cafe, corner of Third Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street, N. Y., who Rolled the Highest Score in the Champion Individual Headpin Contest for the Police Gazette Diamond Medal at the White Elephant Alleys, New York City.

then the two protested games which were played in Chicago have been declared no games, which would reverse the standing of the two nines and place the New York nine ahead of the Brooklyn nine; so to decide a bet please state your opinion?.....Your explanation is correct.

M. W. C., Rumford Falls, Me.—What is the world's record for raising two dumb-bells, one in each hand, over head, that is simultaneously? Where can I obtain a map of New York city and also one of Boston? Of what nationality is Eugene Sandow?.....1. Record is not authentic. 2. POLICE GAZETTE will send them for 25 cents each. 3. German.

L. J. B., Newport, R. I.—A says if a American gentleman and lady went to a foreign country on a visit and a child was born to them on the visit there he is an American and can be President of the United States?.....A is right. Under the constitution of the United States, a child born of American parents, citizens, in a foreign country is eligible for the presidency.

## O'BRIEN AGAIN BESTS BONNER.

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien and Jack Bonner met in a six-round bout before the Paterson Boxing Club at Paterson, N. J., on June 16, which was declared a draw, the condition of the contest being that if both men were on their feet at the end of the sixth round it should be a draw. Bonner saved himself repeatedly by closing with his opponent. O'Brien was quicker on his feet and cleverer with his hands than Bonner, but neither of them delivered any telling blows.

In the second round O'Brien cut Bonner's left eye and split his lip, and during the remainder of the bout

**SUPPLEMENTS FOR FRAMING**  
Champion Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons and Young Corbett for 25 cents, or any other three you may select. \$1.00 buys thirteen of them.

trainer, in the third round of what was to have been a fifteen-round bout.

There was nothing to the go but Bloch. His jabbing had Hanley bothered from the start. Hanley tried to slug with the young St. Louis lad, but his efforts were all in vain. Bloch seemed to have Hanley at his mercy and would finish him at will.

When the third round was about half over Bloch got him with a stinging left to the stomach. He followed it up with a stiff right to the jaw, Hanley going to the canvas and taking the count.

## SPORTING CLUB HOUSE SOLD.

Charles Haines, as referee, sold in front of the White Plains court house the Westchester athletic open-air club house and ring, where McGovern and Palmer fought for \$24,000. The building is located at Tuckahoe, N. Y., and ever since the famous fight several liens have been filed against the structure. The club house was purchased by William Hoffman, of New York, who, it is said, is back of a syndicate of sporting men. Many sports were present at the auction. The lowest bid was \$300. There is outstanding against the club a mortgage of \$500 and a sum of \$1,100 lien and taxes for several years.

## A GOOD CLUB.

The Flavel Athletic Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., is one of the best organizations in the State. The president, Mr. J. H. Imhoff, who has been training during the last year and who has made good progress, gives promise of becoming one of the best 105-pound boxers of that city. He is continuing his practice and expects to be in condition to meet any and all comers of his weight within a short time. William Mayer is the treasurer and Geo. A. Tierney is secretary.

## GOLD MEDAL

AS A PRIZE

## FOR BARTENDERS

Three Prizes in Money for Other Contestants.

## CHANCE FOR EVERYONE

The Originator of the Best Drink Will be a Champion.

It is safe to predict that the honor man of the "Police Gazette" bartender's contest for 1902, that is to say, the man who wins the medal, will do better in his line of work—and this means financially—than he ever before dreamed of.

Hotel men and the proprietors of the leading cafes are always on the lookout for expert bartenders, consequently the services of the champion will be very much in demand.

It does not seem as if any further argument were necessary in this contest.

We assume that you want to get along and that you are clever enough to take advantage of any opportunity that presents itself to you.

If you have any ambition here is the place to show it. Get out of the rut you are now in.

If you are an ordinary bartender, why not be a good one.

If you are a good one perhaps you might be better. There is no man on earth who knows it all.

Everybody has something to learn, and if you want to help yourself this paper and this contest will help you. How?

Read the recipes which are published every week, pick out the best ones and introduce them to your trade. Try and invent something new in the way of a mixed drink and send it in.

It will be published with your name and address.

It may be good enough to win the medal, or it may be good enough to win one of the prizes.

Here is your goal:

## PRIZES FOR BARTENDERS.

First prize and championship for 1902.

a BEAUTIFUL GOLD MEDAL, COSTING \$75.00.

Second prize—\$25.00 in gold.

Third prize—\$15.00 in gold.

Fourth prize—\$10.00 in gold.

\*\*\*\*\*

Try it, anyhow.

Even if you don't win it will pay you to keep your eye on this column every week, just to see what other bartenders are doing.

If you have any good ideas concerning any kind of a different contest, write it out and send it in. We will be glad to hear from you.

If you want to know anything about mixed drinks, ask us, and we will gladly answer.

We are at your service.

It is to be supposed that you know by this time that Mr. Fox has published a very handsome "Bartender's Guide," thoroughly up-to-date in every respect, which retails for 25 cents. It contains the recipes which won the medals in previous contests.

You ought to have one.

## NEW RECIPES.

## ROSEBUD COCKTAIL.

(By W. F. Hardtner, Head Bartender Bank Saloon, Gulf Port, Miss.)

One-fourth lump of sugar dissolved in one teaspoon of water; one dash Peychaud bitters; one dash Angostura bitters; half wine glass Jamaica rum; half wine glass whiskey; fill glass with lump ice; strain; serve in cocktail glass frosted with sugar; squeeze one small piece of orange peel and serve.

## CONEY ISLAND BATH.

(By Rudolph Sven, South Norwalk, Conn.)

Large bar glass; one tablespoon of sugar; four or five dashes of lemon; three or four dashes raspberry syrup; one wine glass of good brandy; one wine glass of good grape wine; two or three dashes of Jamaica rum; trim with fruit and serve with a straw.

## PIONEER CLUB PUNCH.

(By Al Frostig, 15 Lillie St., Newark, N. J.)

Large bar glass; one tablespoonful powdered sugar dissolved in water; two dashes lemon juice; two dashes raspberry syrup; one wine glass Cognac; half fill with shaved ice; stir well; trim with fruits and serve with straws.

## "BULLDOG" CLAYTON WORKING.

"Bulldog" Clayton, the English wrestler, got a job at the Lafayette Theatre and downed "Reddy" Stevens, "the Marine," in seven minutes at the matinee, and in the evening he floored Mort Henderson, "the Rochester Giant," in 14 minutes and 33 seconds. He is matched to meet Tom Jenkins in Cleveland on July 4.

## RECIPES FOR BARBERS

Fox's "Barber's Book of Recipes" is one of the greatest books of its kind published. Just issued. Price, 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, New York City.

Have You a FOX'S BARTENDER'S GUIDE? 25 Cents---All the Good Drinks in a Most Compact Form





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ITALIAN SWORDSMAN AND ATHLETE OF  
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M. D'VIT.  
NOTED ATHLETE AND PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR  
OF LONG BEACH, CAL.



A. S. KAUFMANN.  
CHAMPION BICYCLIST OF AUSTRIA WHO  
IS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY,

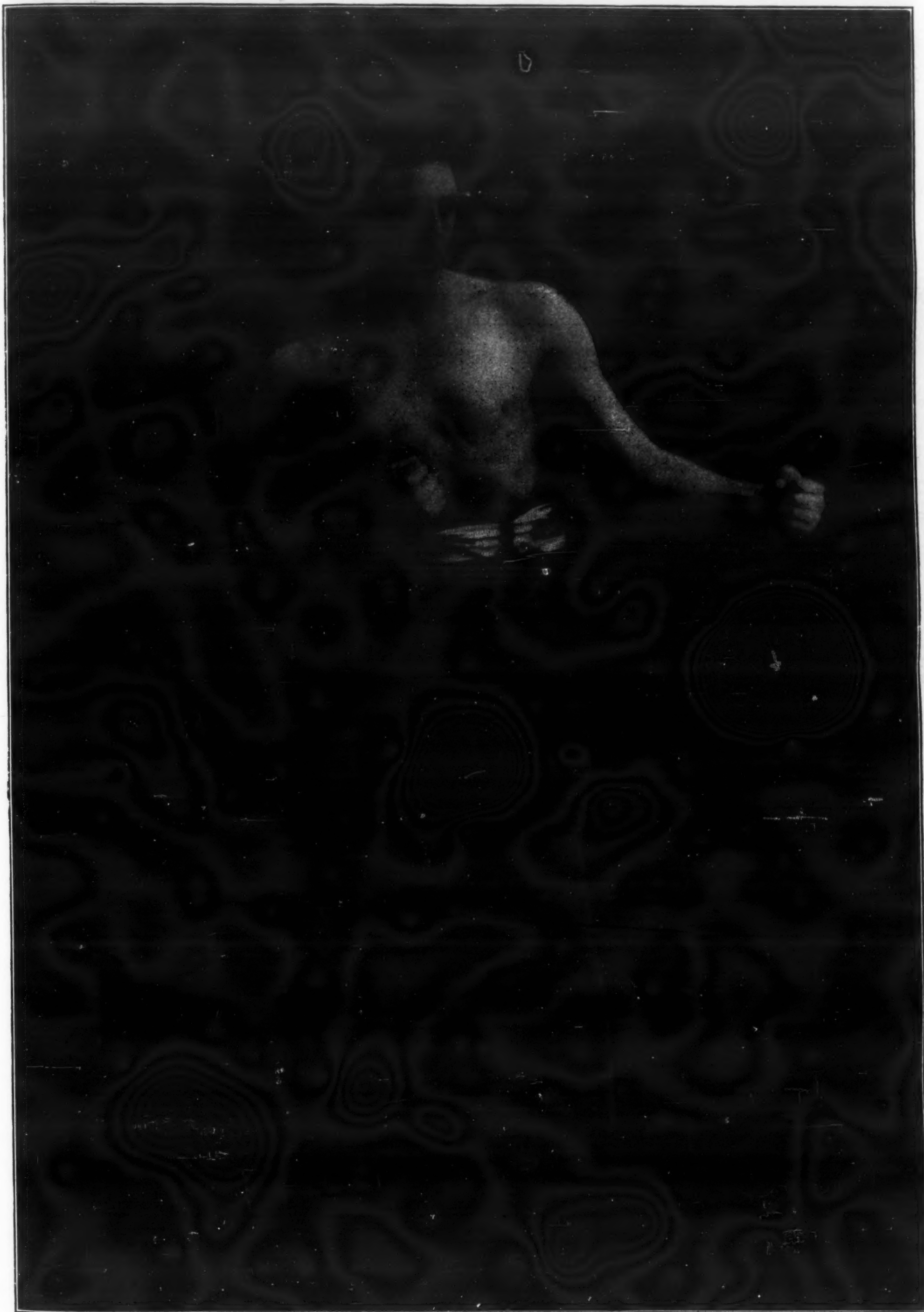


JOSEPH J. KELLY.  
CRACK CENTREFIELDER AND THIRD BASEMAN  
OF THE BALTIMORE BASEBALL CLUB.



CAMDEN (N. J.) ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.  
THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST TEAMS IN THE COUNTRY AND IT HAS MANY NOTABLE VICTORIES TO ITS  
CREDIT—THE MANAGER IS ERNEST ALLEN.





GEORGE GARDINER.

CLEVER EASTERN MIDDLEWEIGHT BOXER WHO IS NOW ON THE PACIFIC COAST  
AND READY TO MEET ANYONE IN HIS CLASS.







## FAMOUS TONSORIALISTS

Ippolito Della Croce, Well-Known  
Barber of Freeland, Pa.



Ippolito Della Croce is a popular young barber employed at the shop of S. Pietro Avellana, at Freeland, Pa. He is an admirer of sports and for a number of years has been a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE.

### TONSORIAL NOTES.

The Empire Hair Dressing Parlor is at 49 Fulton avenue, Astoria, L. I., where experts only are employed.

William Baute is an expert tonsorial artist, and his place at 70 Clinton street, Buffalo, N. Y., is well patronized.

E. C. Roberson has a fine shop at 38 South avenue, Rochester, N. Y., patronized by the prominent people of that city.

Louis A. Gasser has a first-class shop at 440 Indiana avenue, Philadelphia, where four expert hair cutters are always in attendance.

### POMADE DE NINON.

Used to remove wrinkles and freckles, and also as a general skin cosmetic.

Four ounces Oil of Almonds; three ounces hog's lard; one ounce Spermaceti. Melt and add three fluid ounces expressed juice of house leek; add a few drops of esprit de rose and stir until the mixture solidifies by cooling. This is said to be very softening, cooling and refreshing.

—From Fox's "Barber's Book of Recipes." Price 25 cents.

### KNOCKED OUT IN THE LAST ROUND

Mike Donovan knocked out Tim Murphy in the last round of a fifteen-round contest before the Acme A. C., Oakland, Cal., on June 21. They fought at 152 pounds.

### DOUGHERTY ALMOST OUT.

Danny Dougherty came within an ace of being knocked out in the third round by Jimmy Devine in the windup at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on June 21. In fact, it was only his superior ring generalship that saved him. Dougherty was the aggressor at the beginning of the round, and led with his left for the face, when Devine, quick as a flash, swung his right that caught Danny full on the jaw. Dougherty dropped to the floor and took the count, and when he arose he was plainly in distress. Devine was after him during all the six rounds, but Dougherty kept improving and sent as good as he received.

### WHITE AND CONNOLLY WIN.

In the first coronation boxing tournament at London, England, on June 21, Eddie Connolly, of America, beat Pat Daly, of England, in a savage fight, while Jabez White, of England, defeated "Spike" Sullivan, of the United States. Connolly knocked Daly down four times and had him on the ropes often. When Connolly mixed it Daly danced monkey fashion. There was lots of hot infighting and Daly was cautioned for rough work, using the heel of his glove. It was all "rough house" and the referee was kept busy. In the second round Daly threw Connolly three times.

The Sullivan-White fight was much slower. White was cleverer than Sullivan, who was aggressive always, but had the worst of the exchanges. White punished him with kidney punches and always made Sullivan slow up. Both were fresh in the last round. An Englishman, Tom Scott, refereed.

### "KID" PARKER GOT IT.

The Vegetarian Pugilist Was Looking For Blood and it Came His Way.

Here is the latest story from Denver, the home of Young Corbett. It is not vouched for:

"Kid" Parker, pugilist and vegetarian, smarting under his failure to get a match with the champion lightweight, Young Corbett, devised a scheme to get revenge.

The other morning Parker appeared at Corbett's training quarters. He had previously announced that he meant to knock out the champion who scorned him. Corbett knew his purpose, but made no objection, although Parker weighs 136 pounds and Corbett 126 pounds. The boys went at it for blood. At the end of the first round, after several savage mixups, Parker was groggy. At the end of the third round he was bleeding, and was all but out twice during the fight. He went home to patch his cuts and meditate on the folly of revenge.

## SENT FREE TO MEN

A Most Remarkable Remedy That  
Quickly Restores Lost Vigor  
To Men.

A Free Trial Package Sent By Mail  
To All Who Write.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the Institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts, can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 1441 Elektron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

## Test Your Kidneys

Before buying the many so-called kidney cures send for the KIRON KIDNEY TESTER, which will tell you at once THE EXACT CONDITION OF YOUR KIDNEYS. This test is one whose delicacy and thorough reliability has caused its universal adoption by the medical profession, and can be used by any intelligent person. Mailed with full instructions on receipt of \$1.00. So convinced are we of the efficacy of our special remedy for kidney derangement, we will, for a limited time, give to all who buy our Kidney Tester FREE TREATMENT AND SCIENTIFIC ADVICE. Correspondence invited. Address Dept. B, KIRON REMEDY CO., OFFICE AND LABORATORY, 177 Nassau St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### BARBER SHOP PICTURE.

What occurred in a barber shop on a rainy day. Ten cents for this information, and it will be mailed to your address, rolled in a tube. You can frame it, too. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

### PERSONAL.

**GET MARRIED** 10,000 Ladies are anxious to marry. Many very beautiful and wealthy. Send stamp for big sealed list giving full description and P.O. addresses. Satisfaction guaranteed. Star Agency, No. 420, Austin, Ill.

**KEY-HOLE** IN THE DOOR. A PREP AT HOW SHE ACTED. 10 Spicy Stories. How He Went Home With His First Girl, what she did, and how he did it. Sparkling in the Dark, Hugged and what happened. 10 each, or the 3 Spicy Stories. A. Lock 1-4, Harleyville, S. C.

**ANTICS of a Young Married Couple** and Was it Grace's Fault? Rich and rare, with some secrets you want. 51 spicy illustrations. Both, 10c. CENTURY PUB. CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

**10,000 ARE VERY ANXIOUS TO GET MARRIED** Many rich. Big lists with pictures. Send stamp for big sealed list giving full description and P.O. addresses FREE. The Pilot, 235 Monticello St., Chicago.

**HANDSOME, Intelligent, American Lady,** worth \$85,000, will marry immediately and assist kind husband financially. Belle, 134 Van Buren St., Chicago.

**LUCKY SEALS AND TALISMAN** Personal desired. Look in life or to improve friends should wear one or more on their person. Write for list and price. SEAL & BOOK CO., 214 E. PALMER ST., NEW YORK.

**MARRY 10,000** MANY RICH. MARRY STANDARD CO. CLAR, 214 E. PALMER ST., NEW YORK.

**YOUNG WIDOW**; no children; owns fine farm and other property; also \$10,000 cash; wants kind, reliable husband. HART, 47 Park Ave., Chicago.

**ATTRACTIVE MAIDEN**, absolutely alone, age 30, worth \$75,000, wants able, honest husband. Address, Pacific, 59 Dearborn St., Chicago.

**MATRIMONY**—Handsone young widow, worth \$80,000, without near relatives, wants immediately, reliable, honest husband. Add., UNIT, 408 Ogden Ave., Chicago.

**ELLA'S LETTER TO HER CHUM**. RARE 10c. silver. ORIENT PUB. CO. (A) Dexter, Mo.

**MARRY** Any Man willing to MARRY a PLAIN Lady, worth \$10,000 who will give her husband \$5,000.00 Cash on Wedding Day. Write for list and price. 214 E. PALMER ST., NEW YORK.

**LOVE LETTERS** 12 the best you ever read, read TWO were sent to you. 10c. Three Silver Plates, 10c. A. SUPPLY CO., 601 St. CHICAGO.

### AGENTS WANTED.

## \$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day a work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 572, Detroit, Mich.

### RING EVENTS.

Young Gibbs, of Cincinnati, knocked out "Kid" Williams, of Los Angeles, in eight rounds of fast fighting at Stockton, Cal., on June 13. In the preliminary George Curran knocked out Caesar Attel in the eighth round.

At the Susquehanna A. C., Philadelphia, on June 18, Young Johnny Allen lured "Kid" Bobbs into dremland in one round. Young Criske finished Young McCluskey in two rounds of very fast fighting. Freddy Snyder and Joe Riley mixed things up for awhile. Johnny Brennan and Joe Allen trimmed each other to the satisfaction of each for four rounds.

## SYPHILIS

## SYPHILIS

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME AND MONEY EXPERIMENTING.

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CURED IN 15 TO 35 DAYS

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary SYPHILIS permanently cured. You can be treated at home for the same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge if we fail to cure.

**IF YOU HAVE** taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, sore throat, pimples, copper colored spots, ulcers on any part of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary

## SYPHILIS WE GUARANTEE TO CURE

We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we can not cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of most eminent physicians. \$300,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application.

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## Stricture CURED WHILE YOU SLEEP.

"Gran-Solvent" Crayons dissolve Stricture like snow beneath the sun, reduces Enlarged Prostate, & strengthens the Seminal Ducts, stopping Drains and Emissions in 15 Days. No drugs to ruin the stomach, but a direct local and positive application to the entire urethral tract. We have prepared at great expense a valuable illustrated treatise upon the male system, which we will send securely sealed, prepaid.

**FREE**

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**ST. JAMES ASS'N,** 86 St. James Bldg., CINCINNATI, OHIO

ARTICLE MADE FOR WOMAN

## BAR-TONE INVIGORATOR

Makes Health, Strength, Vigor, Manhood. Take no other till you try it. Send at once for our free Five days' treatment and illustrated circular. It will convince you of the Merits of Bar-Tone. Be a man; be a woman. Live your life over again. Bar-Tone never fails. The Five Days' Treatment will prove our statement. Address Bar-Tone Remedy Co., Dept. N. P. G., Detroit, Mich.

"STRICTURA" CURE

Kills disease germs; absolute preventive. quick and positive cure for Stricture, Gonorrhea, Gleet and all Unhealthy Discharges and Inflammations. Easy to use—always safe. Cures old Sores and Ulcers. \$1.50, prepaid; write for circular. Antiseptic Co., 6937 Stewart Avenue, CHICAGO, Ill.

**LADIES** My monthly regulator never fails. Box FREE. Dr. F. May, Bloomington, Ill.

## BARBER'S BOOK OF RECIPES FOR 1902

How to make Hair Tonic, Pomades, Toilet Waters, Cosmetics, Etc., Etc.

**JUST PUBLISHED. PRICE, 25 CENTS.**

This little volume is invaluable and no barber should be without a copy. Send in your orders at once.

Address POLICE GAZETTE  
FOX BUILDING, - - NEW YORK CITY.

### CHALLENGES.

[If you have a legitimate challenge send it to this office.]

George Hancock, Box 76, Bridgeport, Ala., writes that he is willing to meet any 135-pound man in the business.

H. A. Consahn and W. M. Wyatt, Broad and Porter streets, Philadelphia, are ready to make a shuffleboard match.

Jimmy Boston sends a challenge from Buffalo to "Kid" Armstrong or Henry Smith. He will box either at 122 pounds.

Jimmie Smith, of Buffalo, would like to arrange a match with "Kid" Russell. He will bet from \$100 to \$500 on the side.

Gus Dumont, the lightweight wrestling champion of the South, would like to meet Floyd Lorman, of Philadelphia. He will guarantee to throw him three times in an hour.

Arthur Hancock, the Alabama fighting machine, challenges any and all of the 115-pound boys; Hughey McGovern and Alex Burke preferred. He also writes that he would like to become sparring partner to some bantamweight. His address is Box 76, Bridgeport, Ala.

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A POSITIVE AND PERMANENT CURE GUARANTEED

A wonderful remedy that contains no poisonous drugs or injurious medicine of any kind. It goes directly to the bottom of the disease and forces out every vestige of poison and impurity, leaving the entire system, the bones, blood and tissues clean and pure. No matter whether in the primary, secondary or tertiary stage, WE GUARANTEE that

## STERLING'S ROYAL REMEDY

will cure you, and will pay \$500 cash for any case of Syphilis that it will not cure. The cure is positive, speedy, and no sign of the disease ever returns. Full information and booklet FREE to all addressing THE JOHN STERLING ROYAL REMEDY CO., Department B, KANSAS CITY, MO., U. S. A.

## YOUNG MEN!

For Gonorrhea and Gleet get Fabst's Okay Specific. It is the ONLY medicine which will cure each and every case. NO CASE known has ever failed to cure, no matter how serious or of how long standing. Results from its use will astonish you. It is absolutely safe, prevents stricture, and can be taken without inconvenience and detention from business. PRICE, \$3.00. For sale by all reliable druggists, or sent prepaid by express, plainly wrapped, on receipt of price, by

FABST CHEMICAL CO., Chicago, Ill.

Circular mailed on request.

"ALL WRIGHT FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY."

## CROSSMAN'S SPECIFIC MIXTURE

A Sure Cure for Gonorrhea. \$1.00 A BOTTLE. ALL DRUGGISTS, WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILL CO., NEW YORK.

## WEAK MEN!

Instant Relief. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. I will gladly send to any sufferer in a plain sealed envelope FREE a prescription with full directions for a quick, private cure for Lost Manhood, Night Lapses, Nervous Debility, Small Weak Parts, Varicocele, etc. Address L. F. PAGE, Private Box 704, MARSHALL, MICH.

## FREE CURE FOR MEN.

A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size. Perfect Vigor and Nerve Force to Small, Shrunken and Weak Sexual Organs. DR. KNAPP MED. CO., 1299 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., gladly send this wonderful receipt free to suffering men.

## MEN, \$500 REWARD!

For a case of Loss of Manhood—or night losses—that Dr. Martin's Treatment will not cure. It has never failed. Fifty years' experience. Sent C. O. D. Send name and address. No money. Dept. A. Dr. Martin's Vitalizing Co., Box 948, Chicago, Ill.

## ASPEEDY CURE

for Lost Manhood, Weakness, Nervous Debility, Impaired Memory, Results of Errors of Youth, Blood Poison, Diseases of Kidneys, Bladder and other organs. Advice and valuable medical book, sealed, free. Address DR. GRINDLE, 171 West 12th St., New York City.

## NEW DISCOVERY FOR MEN.

Positive cure and regenerator. Restores lost power and memory. Makes weak men strong. WORTMANN REMEDY CO., By mail \$1.00. Jersey City, N. J.

## GONORRHEA AND GLEET

positively cured by using the SHURE-CURE (Sure-Cure) REMEDY One Dollar complete, by mail or express, prepaid. Obtained only from FRANKEN BROS., 112 Manhattan St., New York City.

## LADIES, Dr. LaFranco's Compound

gives positive relief. Powerful combination. Used by 200,000 women. Price, 25 cts. Druggists or mail. Address LaFRANCO & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

## OPIUM and Liquor Habit

cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. T. J. Lebanon, Ohio.

## LAFAYETTE CAPSULES, 50 CENTS.

Sure cure for Gonorrhea, Gleet. Sent sealed by mail 50c. E. H. LUTHIN, Druggist, 191 Bowery, New York.

## X-RAY CAPSULE

Cures Discharges, Strains, Etc. 50c. By mail. DR. LA FRANCO, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

## LADIES!

A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you want a regulator that never fails, Address Woman's Medical Home, Buffalo, N. Y.

## LADIES IN TROUBLE

try our sure remedy. Trial FREE. Paris Chemical Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

## WHERE IS SAMUEL CORNISH?

Henry Cornish, of the Army Ordnance Department, Bloomfontein, South Africa, would like to know of the whereabouts of his brother, Samuel Cornish, who went to Canada in 1890.

REMEMBER, AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE POLICE GAZETTE REACHES ALL CIVILIZATION





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AND THE PRIZES IN GOLD---SEND IN YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS.





ARSENAL, CHESTNUT COLT BY LANPLIGHTER=HANNARINDA.

Photo by J. U. STEAD, New York.

Arthur Featherstone's Great Three-year-old which Won the Metropolitan Handicap at Morris Park, New York.